

# THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXIII, No. 11.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1942

FOUR PAGES

# I.S.S. Sponsors House Dance Saturday

## MacIntyre to Address Philosophical Society

### Universities Observe Nov. 17 In Memory Czech. Students

World-wide Commemoration to Mark Anniversary of Student Massacre

#### FIRST OBSERVED IN ENGLAND

Colleges and universities throughout the world will join in ceremonies of all kinds to mark the observance of Tuesday, November 17, as an International Students day commemorating all those students of occupied countries who have lost their lives in the fight against the Axis aggressors.

November 17, 1939, was the day on which Czech universities and schools of higher learning were closed for a period of three years, and hundreds of Czech students

concentration camps, as punishment on the Czechs for a student demonstration held on Czechoslovak Independence Day, October 23, 1939. Since that time it has become apparent that the Nazis do not intend to re-open the Czech universities and schools.

No special ceremonies are being planned at the University of Alberta, but at McGill University, Col. C. Hutnik, Officer Commanding Czechoslovak forces in Canada, will address a meeting of students.

In England, Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and Dr. Eduard Benes, President of the Czechoslovak Government in London, addressed a huge rally in Albert Hall, London. On November 17 meetings are scheduled at Oxford, Cambridge and other parts of Britain.

In the United States affiliates of the International Students Service have been called upon to plan suitable observances. The Universities of Columbia, Chicago, Berkeley, Southern California, and Utah are commemorating the occasion. Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information in Washington, will direct nation-wide broadcasts.

"Watch on the Rhine" is a very appropriate play for the times. It deals with a German, an anti-Nazi, Kurt Muller, who, with his American wife and their three children, escape the long arm of the Gestapo and reach the home of his wife in America. The play is set in America at the home of Mrs. Fanny Farrelly, and the scenes portrayed here are heart-rending, to say the least—the surprise of the children at the abundance of good food, the joy of Sari Muller, who has returned to her home after twenty years. Here the story unwinds—the Count de Brancovis, a Rumanian noble in exile and a pro-Nazi when it suits his purpose, is also visiting the Farrelly's and tried to blackmail Muller, but if you know any more of that, you'll know it all, so—

In the play there is also the element of romance, a love affair between the young American wife of the Rumanian Count and David Farrelly, and the tenseness is broken by the comedy, though at times it is so subtle one has to be on one's toes to see it.

This play should be a "must" for every Varsity student—don't miss it—keep those dates open, Nov. 27 and 28, and we guarantee you'll regret it.

### Junior Prom To Be Held Dec. 1

The Junior executive announces that it is working on the Prom, which will be held on Dec. 1st. In the words of President Don Marshall, it promises to be the "dance of the century," and thus will have no difficulty in living up to its reputation of being the best dance of the year. Details, motif, etc., will be announced at a later date. In the meantime, students are asked to be sure to hold this date open.

### French Club Hears Mlle Erma McCoy

After the much-publicized difficulties of organization encountered by the Cercle Français this year, the club finally began its 1942-43 season on Saturday, Nov. 7, when about 25 students met in the College of Education classroom in St. Joseph's College. The honorary president, Professor Albert Cru of Columbia University, welcomed the members, and expressed the hope that, in spite of its delayed start, the club might be even more successful than in previous years. Erma McCoy gave a paper dealing with the life and the temperament of the French impressionistic composer, Claude Debussy, and Gérard Tougas, president of the Cercle, played two of Debussy's delightful piano compositions, "La Flûte aux Cheveux de Lin" and "Clair de Lune." Miss Jean Eagleton, who has been for several years associated with the club, acted as pianist for the singing, which was led by Professor Cru. Meetings are to be held every three weeks, and the executive is confident that the next gathering will receive even greater support.

#### NOTICE

The outdoor Club is holding a skating party followed by a party down at the clubhouse on Friday, November 20th. Everybody is welcome. You can bring your friends. The skating will be at Garneau rink, and will begin at 8 p.m. Pay your own admission to the rink. The party following will be at the club-house. Charge for refreshments is 15¢ for those who have attended at least two work parties, and 25¢ for all others.

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#### POPPY SALES



Beth Kerr, President of the Wauneta Society, reports a successful sale of poppies. Members of the Wauneta Society assisted in the work here.

#### TONIGHT IN CON. HALL

##### Topic Will be "Justice According to Law"

The Philosophical Society, on Nov. 10, will hear an address by Dr. M. M. MacIntyre, Acting Dean of the Faculty of Law, speaking on "Justice According to Law." This society meets in Room 142 Medical Building on Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8 p.m. Students are urged to attend.

Dr. MacIntyre, one of the professors best loved by the students, will present at this time the "history of the growth of Law through administration, and the history of man's conception of the ideas of Justice."

Well qualified to express opinions in these matters, Professor MacIntyre has had long experience in law. Born in Sackville, N.B., he received his B.A. at Mt. Allison College in 1925, and his LL.B. from Dalhousie and Harvard '28. More recently he received his degree as Doctor of Jurisprudence from Harvard.

A professor at the U. of A. since 1930, he is considered by his students the "Perfect Prof." both for himself and his method of teaching. Dr. MacIntyre has placed himself at the disposal of prospective Law students, who are welcome to consult him as to courses, etc.

#### CHAIRMAN



Stu Purvis, Chairman of Committee to raise funds for International Student Service.

## Dr. Charlotte Whitton Stresses Importance Women in War Effort

### Exhibition Of Handicraft Held Senate Chamber

Attractive displays of weaving, handicrafts and art were open to the public in the University Senate Chamber on Saturday afternoon.

Among the wide variety of interesting articles were such unusual novelties as hand woven blankets and bedspreads, gaily colored knitting bags and splashy ski belts. Hand hammered copper earrings caught the eye in one booth while in another suede flower necklaces and tricky leather lapel pins held the attention. One especially held my attention—a necklace of suede pannies with soft pastel petals and brightly painted centres.

November 17th has thus become a symbol of the fight of students against oppression, and it is hoped will spur the efforts of those still free.

### S.C.M. Is Active On Girls' Co-op.

#### Has Other Projects Too

A number of students have been approached during the past week on the question of money for the Student Christian Movement. Some of them were vague as to the meaning of the movement, asking "Why should I give a donation?" The answer can be stated thus. Gerry Hutchinson has been appointed Secretary for the U. of A. this year. This means that he maintains contact with the National Office in Toronto, secures speakers to visit the S.C.M. here, and tries to interest students on our own campus to join a group which possesses a purely constructive policy and could become, with more support from students, an important stabilizing force in the University. A sum of money is sent each year to the World Student Christian Federation to carry on missionary enterprise. Still another amount goes towards the maintenance of the National Office.

Two local projects which owe their origin to the S.C.M. are the Men's Co-op. House and the Book Exchange. Probably this fact is not generally known on the campus. Plans are now under way for starting a Girls' Co-op. etc.

Already about \$150 has been pledged by undergrads, including ten or more "dollar-a-month" subscriptions. Do you not believe that this movement merits your financial support?

#### NOTICE

A sing-song is to be held at St. Aidan's Clubhouse on the corner of 112th St. and 90th Ave. next Sunday, Nov. 22, at 9 o'clock. Miss Wilma Thomas, who is Secretary of Younger Church groups, will speak during the evening.

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### Speaks to Women's University Club

Owing to the grounding of her plane, Dr. Charlotte Whitton, who was scheduled to speak in Convocation Hall on Wednesday afternoon, was not able to deliver her address until Thursday evening. She spoke under the auspices of the Women's University Club, which extended an invitation to all women students. Attendance was taken at the meeting that the hours might be counted as war work. This outstanding Canadian is one of two women in the country who have had the Order of the British Empire bestowed upon them.

In the course of her talk, Dr. Whitton made it clear that women bear as great a responsibility in the winning of the war as do the men, and that it is only in positions where sheer physical strength is necessary that women must take a secondary place. University is merely a stepping-stone towards more vital service to be carried out upon graduation. "Women graduates of Canadian universities must begin now to lay plans for the future," stated Dr. Whitton, because "the very planning we are doing today will mean the winning or losing of the peace." At the present time we may gain a clearer insight into the economic conditions of a totalitarian state, due to the fact that we ourselves are now subject to restrictions in vital commodities.

This handicraft exhibit was sponsored by the Canadian Handicraft Guild.

The three duties which women must perform in the war effort, according to this consultant to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, are those of standing behind the active services, maintaining the supply services, and defending the home front. Stupendous as it may seem, there are seventeen adults needed behind the lines for every man on

active service. Much of this huge task, of course, can be, and is being, accomplished by women.

Discussing social conditions in the post-war world, Dr. Whitton stressed the fact that many more women will be seeking employment after the war than were previous to hostilities. In 1928, she stated, a third of the employed people of the world were women, and 90 per cent. of this number worked to support themselves. It is for this revolutionizing of economic life that women graduates of universities must fit themselves. The increased taxation of the present day is a forewarning of what may lie ahead.

"Ganful occupation for every human being must be the keynote in any plan for lasting world peace," maintained this noted social worker. This includes Germans, Italians and Japanese as well as ourselves, for we must recognize them also as a part of humanity. A total war effort is the only guarantee of future peace, and strong determination on the part of Canadian people can carry us through to victory, as history indicates it has done before.

First there is going to be a showing of some moving pictures which will hold the interest of scienmen and women alike. Following this, there is going to be dancing to the tunes of one of Edmonton's most modern orchestras. Sprinkled throughout the evening there will be refreshments and contests with excellent prizes.

Tickets, which are restricted to E.S.S. members only, will go on sale Thursday morning in the Arts basement. Due to the size of Convocation Hall, the number of dancers will be limited, so be on hand to get your tickets early.

## Students Struggle Superbly Through Snow

Those overdone snow flurries over the week-end had its share of repercussions at the University. To begin with, it gives the Tuesday Gateway about the best reason it has had, or probably ever will have, for coming out late. So we want you to know the late blizzard wrought havoc in more ways than one with the seeing up of this paper. News couldn't be found in any corner of the office, the reason being that the news staff was holed up in an environment of snow, and the all important copy was holed up with them. We couldn't even locate our versatile Sports Editor. Right now we're hoping we won't have to wait for the spring thaw to discover his hang-out.

Tuesday morning a number of north side students complained, in no uncertain tones, against reports appearing in the Edmonton Journal which stated that no overtown students made their classes on that frightful Monday. This unofficial society for the protection of north side students rights can cite a number of cases where courageous students walked to the University from as far away as the Highlands. No time record for this snow-bucking marathon has been announced yet. About the cream of those incidents

regarding rumors on the cancellation of lectures concerns one brave-hearted soul who hiked here from a point far removed. After trudging along and getting pretty well within sight of his goal, he hearkened to one of these rumors and turned around to retrace those long weary miles. His lecture wasn't cancelled.

Officially, lectures were held as usual, although the odd misadventure brought about a temporary cessation of some classes.

By noon Monday workers had made some noticeable grooves in the 19½ inch blanket of snow, and those man-sized drifts. They were reinforced during the afternoon by some sixteen Arts and Science students, who manfully hacked a passage west from the Arts to the professor's residences. That's what we call loyalty.

**Scoop!**—One extremely conscientious young man, after having missed all his lectures during the day, landed breathless in The Gateway office about five o'clock with—a news story! Parka and all, he'd skied all the way from home just to do his little bit to get the dear old Tuesday out on time (!!).

The fun really started, though, on Tuesday morning when the more courageous of the north side stu-

dents thought they'd pull off some bragging, after they'd struggled one mile—two miles—three miles. But don't let them make it too high-sounding, southsiders! The Crescent Furniture Company was doing a wonderful business for humanity when it sent its trucks down Jasper Avenue, picking up all good citizens stranded on street corners. With their legs dangling over the edge of the trucks and looking just like what we'd picture Eskimos in Alaska to appear, these pioneers began to stream into the Arts as early as well, shall we say?

Let these overtown citizens, who spend most of their time criticizing the "idle" Varsity student, find something to talk about now. With nearly every other business in the city closed down, what is the one organization that carries on bravely through the blizzard? The University!

Even though many of the students have to trudge to lectures on foot, they're still hoping the street cars will hold off their regular schedules a few days more, just so certain professors, residing in the west end, will find it too impossible to get there. Maybe it sounds heartless, but then—cancelled lectures—they're too good to miss!

## Alberta's Contribution to Nation-Wide Drive is \$300

International Student Service is Backed by Students Assists Other Students

#### NOTABLE WORK DONE IN CHINA

Sponsoring the House Dance in Convocation Hall next Saturday night, the International Students' Service opens its annual appeal for funds on the Alberta campus.

At the last meeting of the Students' Council a committee, under the chairmanship of Stu Purvis, was set up to raise funds on behalf of the I.S.S. Other members of the committee are Alf Harper, Lois McQueen, Jean Staples and Stan Edwards. In opening its drive to raise money for student relief, the committee announces that this is only the first item in a program of events to collect at least \$300 as Alberta's contribution to the nation-wide drive.

The work done by I.S.S. in the present conflict well justifies any effort that can be made in its support. The organization has been at work in the Pacific war area ever since the Japanese began their invasion of China. Valuable aid has been contributed to the courageous Chinese students as they trekked across thousands of miles of territory in search of shelter from Japanese bombs.

For European students, the work in all countries is carried out by the European Student Relief (sponsored by I.S.S.), the World Student Christian Federation and Pax Romana (an International Catholic organization). European headquarters of the movement is at Geneva, Switzerland.

Here is a record of I.S.S. activities last year as quoted from a bulletin prepared by the Canadian Committee:

President: Helen Jamison. Vice-President: Margaret Cammaert. Secretary: Kay MacDonald. Treasurer: Chris Holowachuk. Press Reporter: Joan Jantzie. First Year Rep.: Helen Head. Second Year Rep.: Dorothy Gill. Third Year Rep.: Marg Clark. Fourth Year Rep.: Dorothy Steadman. Fifth Year Rep.: Margie Burton.

Miss McArthur entertained the girls with a few brief accounts of nurses' experiences in their public health nursing.

The next meeting will be held Nov. 25 in the tea room at St. Joe's.

active service. Much of this huge task, of course, can be, and is being, accomplished by women.

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It was a success, naturally. Aren't all the parties where the girls do the squiring? (That's a fact you can't deny, boys.) The orchestra was good, the floor taken for granted, and the crowd in good spirits. In fact, everything went together to make this, the last "girl's choice," the big success it was. And everyone who went will agree it was a good dance.

As the girls did the trading of dances (and you know how variety is the spice of life), the ganders particularly enjoyed themselves, the way they will when their entertainment is provided—even to the trading of every dance. This business of every dance different is something they seem to be averse to when they are the hosts, but one they seem to approve of very much when the girls take over the job of booking dances.

Taken all in all, there could have been no better way to end up the week-end's entertainment, and judging by the large attendance there were a lot of geese who had the same idea.

Hear Ye! The Annual Fall Peace River Dance will be held Friday, November 20th in Acacia Hall. Come and meet your friends. Everyone from the North is invited, and since we Northerners are noted for sticking together—we'll be seeing you. Dancing starts at 8:30.

## THE GATEWAY



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**CO-INCIDENTAL** with the march of the German legions across Europe has been the murder of countless numbers of university students and the confinement of many more to concentration camps. Of even more far-reaching effect, however, has been the closing and restricting of the universities of the occupied countries. But of all the

**INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS DAY** countries which have suffered, Czechoslovakia has perhaps borne the

brunt of the attack. Three years ago on November 17th, following a demonstration staged by students on the anniversary of Czechoslovakia Independence Day, the Germans marched into the campus, surrounded the university buildings and dormitories and carried off hundreds of students in trucks to a nearby airport. Here they were subjected to sadistic cruelties and tortures. Many were murdered on the spot, many died of exposure, and numbers went to concentration camps, never to be heard from again. Throughout the universities of western Czechoslovakia, the story was the same. Between two and six thousand were eliminated from the scene in this manner by the Nazis. Many, of course, did manage to escape to Allied countries.

This is the day which has been selected as International Students Day to commemorate the sacrifices these students have made on behalf of their country's freedom.

Hitler paid the supreme compliment to the universities of the world by the actions he took against them. For it is well-known that Der Fuehrer does not destroy that which he can turn to his own ends. Propaganda, bribery, threats, force, and finally destruction are the weapons he uses—and in the order named. Propaganda succeeded elsewhere in the occupied countries. Why, then, did it not succeed against the universities? Because the university students were able to see through Hitler's gilded promises and murky machinations. They were able to think either because of innate ability or ability acquired as a result of their education.

The fact that Hitler was not able to persuade these students to co-operate with him was not the only reason for attempting to destroy the university system. From the universities and the colleges come the intellectual leaders of the country, men and women, who in the course of time might be able to organize opposition among the mass of the people. More than this, they would be able to maintain the level of education of the conquered peoples at or above the level of the Germans, and Hitler has decreed that these people are inferior, to be considered only as slaves.

Among ourselves, we doubt the extent of the thinking done by and amongst us. Perhaps it is that we expect too much of the university. One has only to contrast the interests of the student with those of the majority of those members of society engaged in the pursuit of business, for example. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the universities, we can rest assured that if Hitler and his cohorts were to reach this continent the first step

## CASSEROLE



White Monday Impressions

University carries on without overtown students and professors while rest of city demoralized.

Petite Commerce lassie burrowing through the drifts for an eight o'clock.

House Ec. instructor walking two miles from overtown for an eight o'clock class and finding all but one of her class present.

\* \* \*

Airman—While we are sitting in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you—

Co-ed—Yes, darling!

Airman—if we couldn't move over. I'm sitting on a nail.

\* \* \*

Here is the unfortunate experience of one married man which should be familiar:

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink "or else," so I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink, except glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank.

I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle.

I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass.

Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I emptied everything, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other, which were twenty-nine. To make certain, I counted them again when they came by, and I had seventy-four. And as the houses came by I counted them again, and finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses counted except one house and one bottle, which I drank.

\* \* \*

Clerk (at bookstore)—This book will do half your work for you.

J.Q.—Great! I'll take two.

\* \* \*

And an Engineer needs only twenty beers to help him graduate before anyone else.

\* \* \*

"I owe my success to one thing—pluck, pluck, pluck!" boasted the prosperous Commerce grad.

"That's all very well," said the Commerce Freshman, "but how can I find the right people to pluck?"

\* \* \*

At a certain college in the north of New England the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a student was caught in the act of doing so and was court-martialed.

Said the Dean—Sir, the penalty for the first offence is 50 cents, for the second \$2.50, for the third \$5.00, and so on up to \$15."

In solemn tones the trespasser inquired: "How much would a season ticket cost?"

\* \* \*

The conventional doc wired home to his wife: "Having wonderful time—wish you were here—here!"

\* \* \*

"What did Gertie learn when she had to bail out of that plane and come down in a parachute?"

"She said she'd never go anywhere again without underwear."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Middlebrooks—Daddy and I won't be home tonight, Bobbie. Do you want to sleep alone or with the nurse?

Bobbie (after some deliberation)—What would you do, Daddy?

\* \* \*

As ye famed ed. said: "No one comes up to you! So what if I am ostracized by the Engineers?"

would be persecution of professors and students alike.

What freedom we possess must be guarded. It is with this in mind that November 17 was selected as International Students Day, to serve as a symbol of the fight which must be carried on by our universities which are still free, as well as to remember the sacrifices of the Czechs.

## THE SIXTH COLUMN

By Francis Owen, Capt.,  
Intelligence Officer, C.O.T.C.

Are you helping the enemy? Thousands of persons would be very indignant if they were accused of helping the enemy. Nevertheless, the Intelligence Corps has plenty of proof that they are unintentionally doing so.

Don't be so naive as to believe that there are no enemy intelligence agents in this as well as in other communities. Enemy agents do not expect you to reveal by your carelessness a blueprint of any military or naval movement. But they do count on the inability of many people to keep their mouths shut, and on them revealing many small items of information which, pieced together by experts, may present a very clear picture of an important movement. And there is plenty of proof that they do not count on this assistance in vain.

You think that what you say is of no importance, and you would be shocked to learn that a careless remark had sent a ship to the bottom of the ocean with the loss of many lives and much badly needed food and munitions of war. In what way, you ask indignantly, has anything I may have said had any such disastrous consequences?

You have a relative or a friend in the Army, Navy or Air Force. You receive a letter or the relative or friend may be home on leave. He informs you he is leaving for the coast in a few days and will probably be embarking or sailing immediately. You pass this information on to someone else in the course of a casual conversation, or you pass on the news by telephone. Within a few hours a dozen people may know that little item of news—and among the dozen an enemy agent. That little bit of news which you thought harmless is relayed to an enemy central bureau where it is very expertly fitted into a complete picture made up of a score of other similar "harmless" remarks. The approximate time, often the exact time, of sailing of a ship or convoy is known; a submarine is warned to be on the watch. Submarines don't just roam the vast expanse of the ocean at random, hoping for a victim; they act on very definite information, obtained by spies, by purchase and bribery and from careless talk. The

posters which you see in all public places have not been put there to instruct you in the technique of drawing or in the art of making cartoons; they are there for a purpose: to prevent vital information from getting into the hands of the enemy. Don't engage in careless talk. You are helping the enemy if you do.

There are other ways of helping the enemy. You can pass on false rumors, originally started by some enemy sympathizers; you can create confusion of mind and lower morale by ill-considered defeatist remarks. You can be a pessimist and say that War Bonds will never be redeemed; you can say that this is an imperialistic and capitalistic war; you can say that, because the social, economic and political conditions of the country do not measure up to your ideal, the country is not worth fighting for, and may as well be handed over to some other power for reorganization. Don't think for a moment I am talking through my hat. I have heard all these statements made time and again. I have even heard people, because of ideological differences, express the wish that Russia might be beaten by the Nazis. Do they realize that if Russia is beaten, so are we, and what then? Have they never heard of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Greece, Belgium, Holland, Norway and France? Is there the slightest reason for believing that we would be treated any differently? On the contrary, we might even expect worse treatment. There are many covetous eyes on the vast resources of Canada. It could happen here.

We shouldn't have to be frightened into defending our own. We shouldn't have to be frightened into keeping our mouths shut whenever opening them will help the enemy to defeat us. I do not mean we should not criticize, make suggestions, if we know of any good ones; I do not mean we should not "grouse." "Grousing" is harmless as a rule; soldiers have reduced it to a fine art, but it doesn't make them any the less ready to fight. I merely mean we should use a little common horse-sense. We should realize we are engaged in the most desperate war of all time, and it is a war of survival. If we lose, we will be told in no uncertain terms what we may or may not do or think, if we

are unfortunate enough to be still alive. However, we don't believe we are going to lose. We can help to bring about that victory by refraining from sabotaging our war effort. If we can't fight ourselves, the least we can do is to refrain from hindering the efforts of those who can. A little more work and a little less idle talk would be a good motto to keep constantly in mind.

Don't be a sixth columnist!

Don't be a fool!

A story is told of a conversation between a Canadian soldier and an American Negro passing through Western Canada on his way to the Alaska Highway:

Canadian Soldier: "Where are you going?"

American Negro: "Boss, I dunno."

Canadian Soldier: "Well, who are you, anyway?"

American Negro: "Boss, I dunno."

Canadian Soldier: "Well, who are you, anyway?"

American Negro: "Boss, I dunno."

Formation of a parachute corps to drop doctors and nurses to stricken areas is announced by the Civil Air Patrol in New England. On its rolls are already some twenty-five doctors and thirty nurses.

## Orators Orate on Variety of Topics

An opportunity lost may never be regained. And, fellow students, you are missing a great opportunity. The ability to speak can make you distinguished quickly. If you feel others around you seem to lord it over you, then you can counteract this by speaking acceptably. Your returns will far outweigh anything you ever imagined. One of the things vital in every walk of life is the ability to talk well—to be able to say what you mean and say it effectively.

The Public Speaking Club offers to students on the campus an opportunity to learn a few fundamentals of effective speaking. The club meets every Monday night at 7:30 and adjourns around 9 p.m. Any student may bring a short three or five minute speech and give it to the club in his most effective manner. This manner will be criticized by the club critic. If a student comes fairly regularly he will find himself improving at each meeting.

Last Monday night the club was very fortunate in securing the services of Professor F. M. Salter as a critic. Mr. Salter's criticisms were exacting and practical. The club members who had an opportunity to speak may never forget the kindly words of advice which Professor Salter offered.

Mr. Don Cormie aroused the interest of the speakers with a detailed account of the various mountains around Banff. He described the ease

with which people climb Tunnel Mountain, the somewhat greater difficulty of Sulphur Mountain, the height of Cascade and the beautiful views that reward the climber who dares the peaks. Some of the snapshots he took were shown as ample proof of his eulogy of Banff.

Mr. Les Drayton delivered a talk on some of his own experiences in travelling. He spoke of the fact that most cities have a flavor of their own, and illustrated this by reference to Vancouver, the "working man's city." He contrasted Vancouver with Victoria, which seemed very quaint and quiet and sleepy.

Describing various other features of his travels around Vancouver Island, he spoke of the islands dotting the sea, of the Olympic Mountains across the Strait of Butchart's Gardens, tourist attraction at Victoria. He said it was very hard to work in a gunpowder factory because of continuous headaches. He spoke of many other interesting things.

Miss Betty Ritchie, the woman of whom all politicians might well be afraid, had her little bit to add to the evening's entertainment. For all you womenkind, Miss Ritchie sets the example. If you fail to learn to speak at the club you will at least have learned how to smile—for just looking at Betty will teach you that. So turn out, girls, and watch her in action.

Mr. Howey, the club president, led the members in an informal discussion about the criticisms that Professor Salter had offered. Everyone felt that the time spent at the meeting proved invaluable, and are urging other students to take advantage of the opportunities which the club has to offer.

## WARTIME SLOGANS

By their slogans ye shall know them!

United Nations—"Keep 'em Flying."

Germany—"Keep 'em Dying."

Italy—"Keep 'em Diving."

Japan—"Keep 'em Fleeing."

Vichy France—"Keep 'em Lying."

Hon. J. L. Ilsley—"Keep 'em Buying."

—Hamilton Spectator.

## TREATY

I wish that I could sign a pact Some day with my digestive tract. A non-aggression treaty of Complete and lasting love.

Then I would pledge myself to shun All nightly snacks at twelve or one. All salads with cucumber in, All potions redolent of gin.

All pastries of the species which Are dangerously over-rich,

Oh, such a pact I'd gladly sign With that digestive tract of mine. But then I doubt that it could be Made to negotiate with me.

For it has reason to be sure I'd not respect my signature.

—The Canadian Doctor.

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## Theatre Directory

# Features

## Down North

### — Waterways to Fitzgerald

By C. J. C. Davis, Lex Miller  
and Bob Wark

If you want to see the North just hop aboard the "Muskeg Special," and come with us to Waterways. Many Varsity students did that this summer. Those in the North not working on the Alaska highway were with the transportation companies on the inland waters from Waterways to Aklavik, on boats and in offices. You have read a little about the Alaska highway. Here we will try to tell you a little about the "Upper River Route" of over the "Portage" and on down to Aklavik on the "Lower River Route."

#### Upper River Route

In Waterways we found the well known McMurray salt plant. Due to regulations made because of the war we weren't allowed to go through this plant. The next point of interest in Waterways was the waterfront. Waterways is on the Clearwater River, which is not a big river. A few years ago they were forced to dredge a channel in it in order to allow some of the bigger boats to come up to Waterways. Facing the waterfront we found the freight sheds of three companies which operate boats on the rivers—McInnes Fish Products Co., Hurson's Bay Transport, and the Northern Transportation Company.

Each company has its own particular way of conveying goods down from the freight sheds, and all are quite efficient. As each boat comes in the barges are loaded as quickly as possible and got on their way again. Time lost is money lost; the navigation season is not very long. Often the men spend the whole night loading the barges.

Another thing learned—boats push, not pull, the barges down the river. One small boat might push as many as three two-hundred-ton barges.

There were some record loads this summer. One steamship had a load of 900 tons. One small tug pushed around 500 tons one trip. The loads some of the small boats pushed made them look like little row boats in comparison.

The pilots and the captains of the boats have spent many hours on the river. They can read the water and tell just where they or shouldn't guide the boat. They know how to

make full use of the current in trying to make good time and in getting the boats and their loads around some of the sharp bends.

Before a boat can get off for Fort Fitzgerald its barges have to be taken out separately from Waterways to a point below the mouth of the Clearwater on the Athabasca River. This is because of the narrowness of the Clearwater channel. After the barges are yarded and finally hooked up abreast, the boat is off for points down river. The business of hooking up barges is an art, of which I'll say nothing.

What is known to all as the "Upper River Route" really consists of four rivers and a part of Athabasca Lake. To start with, we have the Clearwater followed by the Athabasca River, and the Lake, then the Roche River, and finally the Slave River. The only river that appeared clear at all was the Clearwater. The other rivers were quite silt laden.

Along the Athabasca River one sees the tar sands in the banks for miles. In some places it is rich enough to get soft in the sun and fall down. Although the scenery has a great deal of similarity to it, there are interesting differences to be noticed here and there. There are some beautiful stands of spruce along the river with a few old saw-mill stands. Here and there are some trappers' cabins picturesquely set in the woods. The picturesque qualities stop, though, at the outside of the majority of the cabins.

Also along the river here and there were piles of cordwood for the steamships, two of which operated on the Upper River. This wood was cut and split by hand, and very often carried out by hand. Some piles, though, have been moved there by dog teams, and a few woodcutters own a team of horses.

The delta of the Athabasca River is a large one. When travelling out into the lake, at first sight one would think they were actually on the lake itself. Closer observation will tell you that you are still in the delta. The water is very shallow here and the channel, which is very crooked, is marked off by stakes placed there every spring. If it is at all windy the boats do not dare try to go through the channel for fear of being blown out of the

channel and getting stuck. The water of the lake itself is quite clear.

After crossing the lake the boats come to Fort Chipewyan. This place is set in quite a rock part of the country. The Roman Catholics have a mission there. They have some beautiful modern-looking buildings, and were building quite a large brick addition this summer.

Below Fort Chipewyan the boats enter the Roche River. The further north one goes the larger the rivers become.

On this river are found the "Little Rapids" which the boats shoot.

They don't look so formidable on first sight, but taking three or more large barges through is no mean feat.

The current is tricky, and there are some large sharp rocks waiting for the unwary. Late in the season the boats are not able to go up these rapids because of the great drop. It then means the boats must take a longer route, which takes them around the rapids.

Once past the mouth of the Peace River the boats are on the Slave River. This is truly a river, and certainly the most silt laden of all the rivers in the Upper River Route. It is deep and full of undertows. A few small rapids are found on the Slave River before coming to Fort Fitzgerald. The largest of these are the "Demi Charge Rapids." The drop in the water here makes it quite fast, but a small detour makes it easier to navigate.

While riding a boat down the river

one sees very little game. Big game that is; one always sees some ducks or geese. Much of the country passed through is a game preserve and buffalo park. But not one buffalo did I see this summer. The natives tell of hundreds back in the bush, of game trails winding back and forth made by the buffalo. There was an occasional moose and deer to be seen, though.

Sometimes instead of going from Chipewyan to Fitzgerald some boats go down the Lake to Goldfields, a mining town.

The shores of this lake are either rocky or sandy. The shore we went along was very rocky.

Goldfields was shut down this summer, and so it presented the appearance of a ghost town.

The only place open for business was the Hudson's Bay trading post. The houses of this town were built on any place on the rocks that was a little more level than the rock around it.

The water down the lake is a beautiful color. Even on a warm day, by dipping deeply enough into its depths, one can have an ice cold drink of crystal clear water, the best you can drink.

No boat on the Upper River Route

can possibly run on the Lower River Route unless it is taken across the portage. At Fitzgerald are found some rapids that are really worthy of the name. They necessitate a 16-mile portage between Fort Fitzgerald and Fort Smith.

(To be continued)

## On Going Away

Some speak of love—  
But I shall not forget  
The company of a happy friend I met.  
Gay, un-romancing,  
Laughter silvered smile,  
Joyous to please and witty to beguile,—  
That this might pass away  
I chanced to fear,  
This memory only yesterday so clear.

A cigarette, a chocolate bar, a view—  
Warm sun, a stroll, common interest too,  
High Level Bridge, river without sound,  
Quiet and peace, deep consolation found,  
That this might be forgot  
I chanced to fear,  
This memory only yesterday so clear.

We shall not walk those paths  
Again, so smile and speak  
As just two people happy to have met.  
Careless of time, remembering snow and frost,  
Starlight, a wish, plans to enjoy now lost,  
Glad to have known this one, this finest hour  
Walking with you enjoying friendship's power.

**Ed. Note.—**The above poem was contributed by an airman stationed on our campus at No. 4 L.T.S., expressing his thoughts on leaving for another station.

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(To be continued)

## I Quit -- the same old story

by Drake Shelton

Two months ago I decided that I was smoking too much. The thing was bad for me, it really was. Shaky hands, jaundiced fingers, cocophorous coughing far into the night combined to convince me that I was doing myself no good. I must quit smoking. I first tried the "tapering off" method, by means of which instead of stopping smoking immediately, one cuts off one cigarette after another till gradually, instead of smoking he merely smoulders sleepily, the glows, glimmers, and finally becomes completely extinct. This didn't work, however; the instinct of self-preservation is too strong. Within a week, I was smoking as much as ever, and suffering from a repressed feeling into the bargain.

One day, as I lit my thirty-first cigarette, I caught myself up suddenly. "I shall stop smoking tomorrow," said I sternly to myself. That night, as I lay in bed, I pensively reached over and found my last cigarette. "No more after this," thought I, "will the landlady reprove me for having cigarette butts in bed with me all night. No more after this will I soil my earthly temple with drugs." All night, tobacco in all its varied and delectable forms floated before my mental vision, and curled about my mental nostrils. All night scented cigarettes, seductive cigars and pungent pipes glowed before my closed eyes, tantalizingly aromatic, but just out of reach. In the morning I awoke refreshed, bleary-eyed and woe-

begone, with the derisive hoot of a White Owl still ringing in my ears. In desperation, I seized a piece of mattress-stuffing, rolled it in a page of history notes, then, with shaky fingers striking a match, I took a vigorous and refreshing puff. What relief! What relaxation! It was wonderful. I got up off the floor and wandered downstairs, only to find empty ash-trays leering from all sides at me in scornful amusement. I could have sworn that one over near the table had actual features. No, it hadn't either; it was the landlady.

I breakfasted hurriedly, wiped the grapefruit out of my eye, and ran towards Varsity. On the way, the vague fantastic notion occurred to me that I might meet a billy-goat and ask him for a butt, but decided that would be absurd. I must buttress myself in some other way. Meanwhile, I couldn't stay still, I couldn't relax, I couldn't even sleep through the history lecture. The pain was unbearable. But I somehow lived through the day without smoking, and rewarded myself that night by buying a licorice pipe to suck on as I drowsed off to sleep.

Time went by. I became a man of the crowd. In the morning, when I arose, I would walk to lectures with someone who was inhaling those fragrant fumes, taking care to stay on the leeward side in hopes of catching perhaps a few molecules of that precious aroma. All through the day I sought a group of three

or four smokers, and joined in their conversation in hopes of inhaling a few vapors other than intellectual. For hours I used to wander slowly round and round the common room, breathing deeply and rhythmically, seeking the spot where lay thickest the heavy blue wreaths which curl above the heads of studious pupils, hour after hour. Classes over, in the evening I would rush downtown, find a Taoist shrine, and push my head deep into the incense bowl, but even this pleasure was denied me ere long, whereupon I haunted the city incinerator, inhaling its potent putrescence till long after the rest of the city was asleep. Finally exhausted, after one last long lingering inhalation, I would stagger home to bed, nor could I go to sleep till I had removed a few bricks from the chimney which runs up through my room.

All my friends deserted me, as my suffering grew more unbearable; but this would never have unmanned me, had it not been that Arabella, a girl more entrancing than any of these classic beauties we hear so much about, like Medusa, deserted me. Arabella was a beautiful thing. She was so full of vitality and high ideals—she was what the vulgar nowadays would call "hot stuff." She used to light my cigarettes by touching the ends with her fingers. One night, as my custom was, I proposed to her. She asked me, smiling sadly as she spoke:

"Do you really want me more than anything else in the world, Theodore?"

"Well, I'd give an awful lot right now for a good smoke, I answered unreflectingly. Arabella became angry. In short, she got damn good and mad, and left me cold. To tell the truth, I've never been warm since.

For days now I'd been living on little but Copenhagen snuff and a dilute solution of nicotinic acid in gin, and the life I led began to have its visible effect upon me. I became pale and haggard, with enormous bags under my eyes, which collected all sorts of dust. My brow became wrinkled and my ears clapped lifelessly against my head as I walked. In short, I began to look more like a fourth year Med student than a human being. Before long I would die. A hearse had picked me up once already by mistake, and I positively dreaded to go near the stiff lab. Something must be done. I'd have to start smoking again, before it was too late.

So I have quit quitting, and am gradually regaining my former robustness. The color is coming back into my cheeks; I no longer have to wait outside the Arts Building till someone comes along to open the door for me; I no longer make three tracks when I walk along the street. I am becoming healthy again—but not without two months of dreadful agony, during which my life trembled in the balance. Today, as I happily compose myself for a three-lecture nap, I thank my stars I had sense enough to let nature take its course. And I sincerely hope, boys and girls, that my experience will be a lesson to you all.

## THE ALCHEMIST'S RETORT

By Willie

Waw-Waw week-end has come and gone. L'il Abner's fate has not been settled, but ours has, n'est-ce pas? I only hope that you have all enjoyed it as much as I have. But I have a beef, too. Did you see me in Tuck on one of those days? No? And I sure made myself conspicuous around the labs I am generally found in most of the time that I spend at the Medical Building. I certainly expected to see any one of a dozen girls come tripping down the stairs to ask "Willie" out to Tuck. And did I? Heck, no! I feel that I have wasted my efforts. No more shall I go around encouraging the female of the species. I am embittered. There's more to come. There I am, standing in the hall, and I see one of those Freshettes tripping gaily down towards me. My chest heaves with expectation. My heart thumps loudly. I have a friend with me. (I used to call him friend.) She stops and greets us. My heart warms towards her. At last. Then, "Reggie, would you like to go out with me on Friday night?" Wheee . . . boom! Just like one of those thriller bombs. There goes my stomach, feeling and all. My deflated chest assumes its normal position, once more becomes part of my tummy, and I sink off somewhere to bewail my fate, more like a beaten canine than the proud descendant of Adam. Obviously I am not important enough, that is plain to see. Then, again, maybe it is my personality, or lack of it. Even one of the profs had to take time off from his important work to waw-waw. And three of them at once, too. I give up!

Last night life was beautiful—this morning it is drab, dull, disgusting and revolting. Boy, am I unhappy! Wanted: Some reliable form of waker-upper. I've just got to get to my eight-o'clock. This is past the joking stage—my alarm clock, you ask? Sure, I've got one, and a good one at that. But that is not enough—ask Wally. Every time I miss an eight o'clock thirty cents jumps right out of the window. I am getting a complex, and it is not a good one. Any suggestions are heartily welcomed.

Coming back to Waw-waw and the week-end, I would like to draw attention to the fact that some people have to be knocked down, trampled on and generally maltreated before they respond to a gentle hint. I'm talking about Reeson now. There he was, and there I was too. Brian is an old friend of mine. We suffered together in '41, a whole summer, the type that makes you the best of friends or the bitterest of enemies. I sidled up to him several times—no results. Finally I kicked him in the shins, said, "My, what charming friends you have," and "Who is she?" He recovered just long enough to say, "This is Willie, he is a good egg; but like all eggs, eventually . . ." Isn't it the truth, Bea?

Then, too, I met Val on Saturday—thank you, Johnny. We give her credit here for the idea—selling sandwiches to Waw-Waws to buy bonds. I'm all for it. I do hope you sold a bond's worth, Val. Incidentally, where did you pick up that man? He's forever in my hair, you know, and I have as many haircuts as I can afford.

Last week we mentioned a fellow

Albert's Albert. Who is he?

Where is he? Well, Albert is just another John Doe. But he's the boy

you see around here—the one who

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## CLEANING - PRESSING

### DYEING

# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## Basketball Prospects Look Good; Kirk And Ferguson Expecting Strong Teams

Girls' Senior Team Needs More Players

INTRAMURAL LEAGUE STARTS NEXT WEEK

Newcomers on Senior Team Look Promising

Varsity basketball really looks first-class this season. The ball bouncers were really working out last Saturday in our gymnasium, and every one of the boys proudly exhibited a sweating brow as ample proof of the amount of exercise they were getting. It was warm in the gym, almost too warm, but the recent snow-storm will alleviate that situation. Paul Kirk had the boys going through some very pretty trick moves as we stood at the sidelines and looked on. There were about fifteen men on the floor, and from the way they handled the ball it was easy to see that there were no novices present. At one end of the floor Sammy Shekter, basketball president, was busy running off the old circular run-in-and-jump play. At the other end Paul Kirk, using Mike Provenzano, the playing manager, as an opponent, was teaching the men some of the finer points of passing and eluding the opposition. The players readily learned the new angles and worked on them. Soon there were actual plays going up and down the floor. We asked Paul what he thought of the men, and he replied, "They are looking better this time than they ever have before."

Some members of the team were outstanding in Saturday's showing. Of the last year's crop of Seniors, only Sammy Shekter was present. There were several men from the last year's interfac teams, namely, Provenzano, Fergie, Hall and Mankoff. Among the newcomers there were several fellows whose names we were unable to secure, but we did find that the fellow in the yellow trunks who handled the basketball like an expert came from the basketball country to the south, where so many of our past experts learned the game. We found that the Japanese lad who tossed the ball the way Demit Eleftherius used to do came from U.B.C., which perhaps explained the similarity. These do not exhaust the names of the players, for there were fifteen men all told on the floor, and there are four more men from last year's squad to turn out next practice—Patching, Larson, Taylor and Switzer. All in all, our hopes for the city league seem to be the best ever. Kirk is happy over the type of player that is turning out and over

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consideration of the importance of the girls' studies at Varsity it would be impossible to enter a city league, as this would require at least another night each week besides the practice periods. However, to offset this unfortunate state of affairs the girls will challenge some of the local teams in the spring, and show what they have learned in a challenge series. There are several members of last year's girls' Senior team again playing—Lind, popular president of Women's Athletics; Belyea, Senior manager; Johnstone, the blonde manager of intramural basketball; McDougall, Women's Sports Editor; and (it is hoped) Chris Willox, a well known woman athlete on the campus. Amongst the newcomers, the name of June Causgrove was the only one we secured, although there were several others. June, in case you don't know it, is an ex-Starlet, and to Edmonton basketball fans that means mighty fine basketball. When the world-famous Grads finally disorganized, the name "Grad" was dropped for good, and two other teams made their appearance, the Starlets and the Comets, featuring the same coaches and the same brand of basketball. This is a wonderful addition to our women's team, and with a few more players turning out each week we should be able to field the best team in years—we have the coach, the enthusiasm and we need the players.

In the interfac series Betty Johnstone, who needs no introduction to anyone interested in Varsity basketball, is in the managerial seat. The league is to start this week, and from the looks of things it is to be a real live wire affair. The nurses are quite confident of their chances this year, as they have an ace up their sleeve that gives them a decided advantage. For some time (many years in fact) the nurses have been trying to get floor time on the gym floor in St. Steve's. With the acquiring of the west wing of the building, they also gained two nights a week floor time, which amounts to about four hours a week. This is a decided advantage, how much we can't foretell, but we do recall the fact that two years ago the nurses walked off with the basketball championship, and that was when they didn't have a floor of their own.

So there it is, basketball fans—there is the complete set-up. Last week the women's intramural schedule was published on the front page. Several weeks ago the schedule of practices was posted for Senior and interfac practices, and soon we hope to publish the timetable for the interfac games and the overtown senior league. Don't fail to see these games, for they are well worth while.

### NOTICE

On Thursday at 8 p.m., in St. Joe's gym, the members of the Badminton Club are getting together for a dance. The cost of admission is 25 cents per person. All members and interested parties are asked to attend.

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## Puck Fans Hold Meet

Some twenty-five enthusiastic puck fans appeared at the hockey meeting held in Med 158 last Thursday, Nov. 5. Stan Moher, veteran hockey director, opened the meeting with a brief resume of last year's activities in this sport. To emphasize to the public that University players were making preparation for active service, Moher apprised the leagues were to be apportioned and marked with military labels. The organization committee had not lost sight of the fact that some of the faculty feelings may be hurt, but it is, as Moher pointed out, "We are all giving up something these days, and therefore we can afford to yield a bit here." Lucien Lambert, speaking for the Engineers, pointed out that most of the E.S.S. boys preferred last year's system, as they had an eye on the Bulletin Trophy, but he went on to say that under the circumstances they would be prepared to co-operate. The Bulletin Trophy is really a prize worth working for, and all concerned seemed to think that it should not be lost sight of in this military set-up. It was suggested that some sort of arrangement could be made whereby the military organization could be used and faculty recognition maintained at the same time, or as Quigley, the hockey president, stated: "While we use the name of the units we do not have to disregard faculties to too great an extent." The organization

is entirely in the hands of the Hockey Association, as Colonel Warren has given them a free hand to proceed as they see fit.

All were enthusiastic regarding the prospective season, all that is, except Quigley, who displayed a very lackadaisical attitude, as he remarked, "Well, if I had a date with Hermie for every game we lost—I wouldn't care if we never won." If these Quigley boys keep on they are going to meet Hermie some day! The apportioning of names to the teams and players to the respective squads will have to be considered at a later date, pending the acceptance of the new system. It is expected that within three weeks the boys will be swing at the puck on the hockey rink. We would like to advise all Freshmen and any others who are interested to turn their names in to Jack Quigley as soon as possible.

### COAST YOUTH PACES QUEBEC GRID LOOP

Montreal, Nov. 11.—Bob Bartlett, half-back from Vancouver, dominated the Quebec Rugby Football Union junior schedule this season, final statistics showed today.

Bartlett, former University of Alberta star, amassed 19 points in his first season in eastern football, two more than Bob MacFarlane, his team-mate on Montreal Pats.

### NOTICE

To enable those men who are now taking military training on Tuesday instead of Wednesday to attend, the Tuesday workout of the Boxing Club has been changed to Wednesday same time, same place.

## In the Sportlight

By Gerry Larue

There is one fact that seems obvious to everyone, but by its very obviousness is perhaps being disregarded, and that is the great increase in what we so tritely label "Varsity Spirit." There is no doubt about it—this year as never before our campus activities are surging ahead. Whether it is due to the fact that the students feel that in spite of the fact that public sentiment seems to deem all such activity as Varsity sport out of keeping with the war spirit, etc., the students are determined to carry on, or whether it is due to some as yet unknown feature it is hard to say, but certainly, so far as sports are concerned we are going to have a gala year, even though we do stay at home. The fellows who are turning out on teams are eager, capable and regular attenders. If, at the games, we can secure a supporting audience the whole year will be perfect in spite of handicaps. In past years the attendance at hockey and basketball games has been anything but good. Possibly this is because so many people don't understand these sports, but more than likely it is because the students don't know what fine players we have within our walls. It is true that in the good old days of Saskatchewan vs. Alberta games, and when the hockey teams played U. of S. California, the games showed up far better in print and it was worth while to attend just to be able to say you saw the game; it is true that in those days there was more support, but just because the old Alma Mater isn't pitted against another University doesn't mean that there should be no supporting spirit for University sports. This is the toughest year we have ever faced so far as University functions are concerned, at least in so far as I have been able to ascertain, hence if our athletes are carrying on it is all the more reason why our supporting fans should not fail them.

Basketball is really looking up this year, and now that the gym is in a state of readiness the leagues are all pretty well under way. We still have one or two schedules to print, but they will be forthcoming soon. Even the Women's Intramural League, the reputed substitute in female circles for rugby, is looking better. Gordon Ferguson, coach of women's basketball, said that they were looking "mighty good for the time they had to put into it." This is very encouraging, because last year it was as much as the referee's life was worth to step into one of those melees which ensued whenever possession of the ball was in any manner contested.

It seems that there is some difficulty arising over the key situation at the gymnasium. Our Central Check man, Grant Simonton, hasn't a key which permits him to enter into the central part of the building, and when the janitor isn't present it is impossible for the teams having the floor to enter. On Saturday the Senior girls were held up for some time. This may be due to the fact that the secretary of Men's Athletics had not yet sent Grant or the janitor a time-table of basketball floor periods. We sincerely hope this is not so, as it does rather reflect. However, this matter is being attended to immediately, and it is hoped that a similar situation will not rise again.

It is rumored that there will soon be ice on the Varsity rink. The boards have been up for some time, but there was a certain amount of difficulty in securing a capable ice-maker. This has been attended to, I think, and if the weather man will call off his snowflakes, we will soon be swinging it on skates. Speaking of the weather man—if this edition is late, and the blame is laid at the door of the Sports Department, we in turn would like to point out that it is entirely due to the importune weather.

It looks as if we will have to swallow some of our words in the above part of this column. Word has just arrived that all is not well in the boxing and wrestling circles. This is one sport department that we were sure would forge ahead. We have good coaches, enthusiastic management, and at first there seemed to be a good deal of interest shown. Of late there has been a slacking off of membership. Perhaps one of these days it would be a good idea to print the names of some of the men who started out strong but who have fallen by the wayside, so that when any condemnation arises a person could point to these parties and say "It is your fault." There are also a number of men who "talked" boxing and wrestling, as though they knew something about it, as though they were interested and would therefore be faithful members of the teams; there were those who said they wanted to learn but never had a chance—these men are slackers, and if the clubs fail this year it is their fault, and no one else's. It doesn't seem necessary to say anything more about this matter—let's get out and swing, fellows!

## Skating Party For Fresh Air Fiends

News From M.A.B.  
Define Status of Outdoor Club  
Sports Reports—Provenzano Basketball Manager

At the meeting of the Men's Athletic Association it was decided that so far as the M.A.B. is concerned, the Outdoor Club will be treated as a ski club. There were several applications for the offices of managers of senior and interfaculty basketball teams. Bob Dumont was appointed manager of interfaculty basketball and Mike Provenzano was appointed manager of senior basketball. The basketball leagues swung into action on Tuesday night, and Sammy Sheeter reported that while the Drill Hall was warm enough due to the warm weather, the lighting was insufficient. This will be remedied as soon as possible. It is hoped that soon a few more heaters will be installed to meet cold weather requirements. However, this cannot be guaranteed.

Jack Quigley presented a report on hockey. Hockey equipment has been ordered and will be on hand when the season opens. All equipment will go through Central Check at the first of the season to the various team managers, and will be returned at the end of the season.

Other plans drawn up at the meeting were the proposed formation of a ski team to represent the University at city ski meets. There are three senior ski clubs in the city and numerous junior clubs, and the executive is of the opinion that a well balanced team could be chosen from Varsity skiers. Neil Carr, Mel Little and Cecil Davis are planning to organize a ski meet later in the winter, and from their reports there are many outstanding skiers at Varsity who have attended the tournaments at Banff and Jasper.

All those interested in skiing plan to be at the Chalet next Sunday.

The meeting came to a close with everyone wishing for colder weather and snow.

## Co-Ed Basketball

The Senior women's basketball team turned out on Saturday for the first time this hoop season. As usual, everyone is very hopeful, partly because it is the beginning of the year and partly because there is new material, and it (the material) looks good. I think that the brightest light in the Varsity team's future is June Causgrove, a former Comet. However, the Freshettes crop didn't confine itself to supplying U. of A. with a player who is probably one of the smoothest that Varsity has seen for some time, but it also turned out some others who are seasoned players. Last year the team looked all right in practices; maybe this year they'll make the grade in games.

At last we have the inside news on what games the team will play, since travelling is out. At the first of the year there was the rumor that U. of A. would enter a city league, but the league has already begun, and Gordie Ferguson doesn't think the girls will be ready until after Christmas. Another factor is the lack of time. Trying to win games for ye old alma mater is one thing and getting your courses is another, and the latter is the most important. Because of all this, it has been decided that the team will play challenge games after Christmas. We'll all be looking for something at least partially spectacular from the team this year, so don't let us down, girls.

Although you certainly can't tell from the first practice, the team has high hopes of maybe perhaps getting in the groove this year. Anyway, there were nine out on Saturday, and there is a rumor that there will be more turning out at later workouts. Remember, those of you who are interested, practices are Monday 6 to 8 p.m. and Saturday 1 to 2 p.m., at the Drill Hall.

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